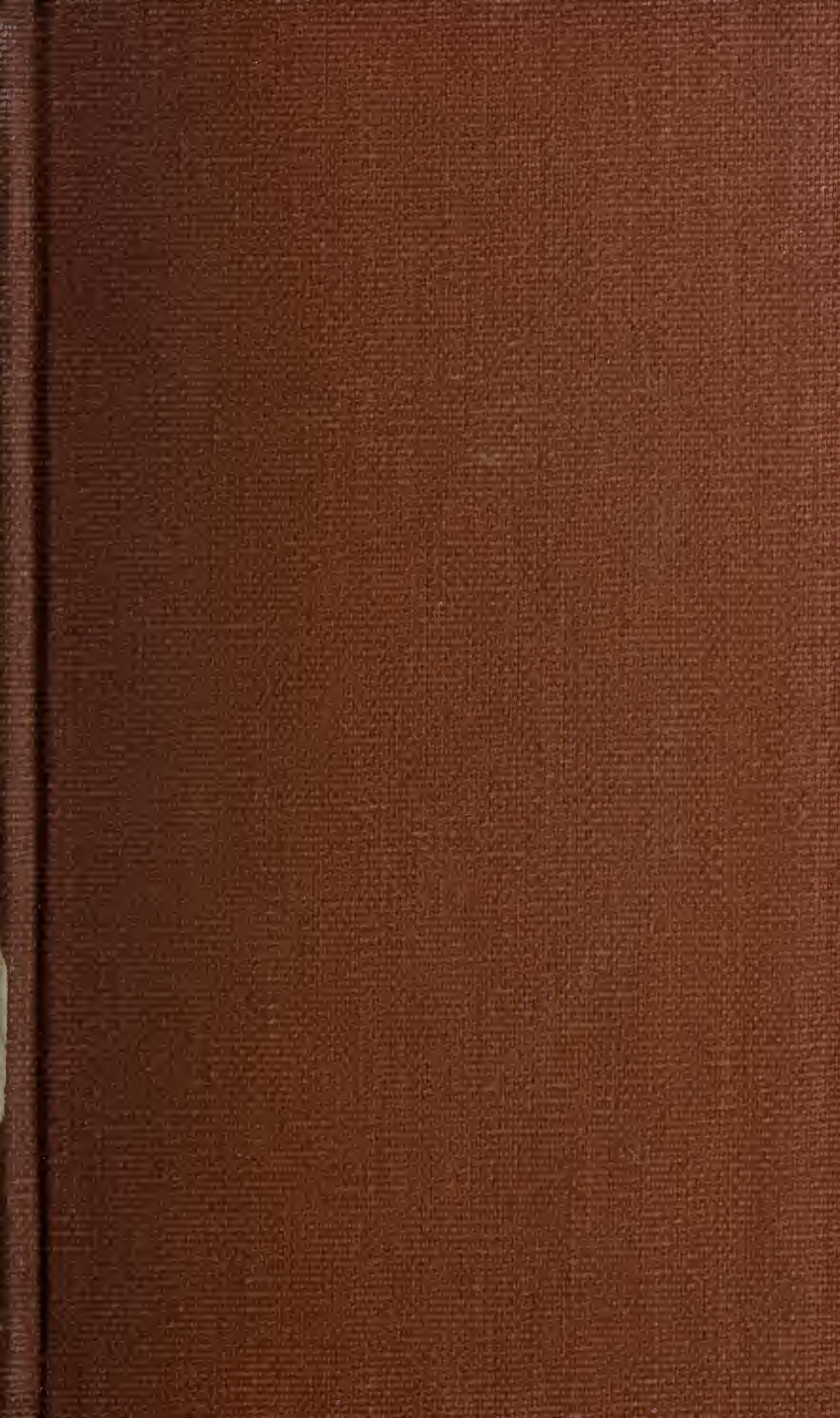
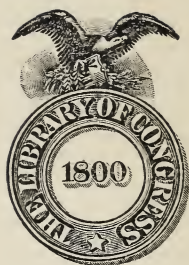
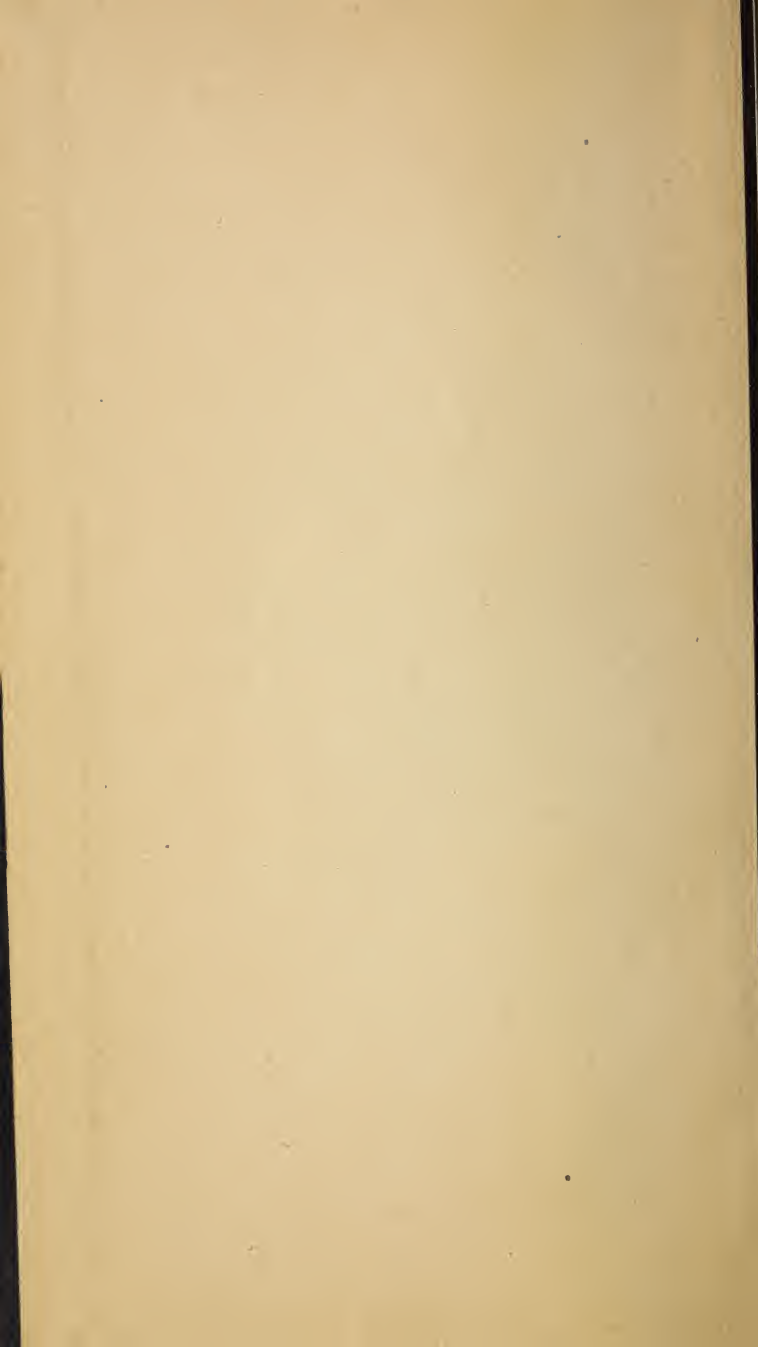








THE BLANK BOOK

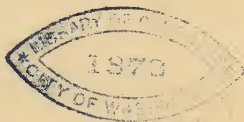
OF

A SMALL COLLEGER.

Handwritten signature

“If I am to meet with one of these gentry, pray heaven it
may be with a Small Colleger.”

ART OF PUNNING.



LONDON:

THOMAS BOYS, 7, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCXXIV.

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“ I know no refutation of cavils, against the Gospel, so irresistible as the practice of its professors: nor is there on earth so eloquent a sermon on Christianity, as the silent lesson of a consistent and spotless example.”

Maturin.

“ He who lives only for himself, will soon be forgotten ; but he whose labours are directed to the *perpetual benefit* of the community, may well lay claim to immortality as his reward.”

Dr. Johnson.

GREAT ST. MARY'S.

THE foreigner who wishes to see our National Church under a new and interesting aspect, should witness the Sunday-afternoon service, at Great St. Mary's, Cambridge. The peculiar beauty of the building—its rich mahogany interior, and sombre hue—the solemn and devotional air which breathes around the whole edifice—the Undergraduates in crowded assemblage in the gallery—the Fellow Commoners, in all their glitter of gold and silver lace, interspersed among the Fellows and University Officers in the aisle—Golgotha with the Vice-chancellor and heads of Colleges frowning in portentous gravity upon the crowd below—with, here and there, the rarity of a pretty face belonging to some *lionizing belle*, form a *coup d'œil* as novel as imposing.

The service consists of a Psalm, a Sermon, and on certain *high* days an Anthem. And it is not the least stirring of the reflections which rush upon the mind, like "so many thick-coming fancies," on passing the threshold of St. Mary's, that its hallowed walls have re-echoed the arguments of Paley and Watson, Pearson and Barrow; and have enclosed for praise and prayer, at the purest moments of their lives, Pitt, and Erskine, and Whitbread, and Romilly, and Camden, and Porteus,—names which adorn the proudest pages of our annals.

The Under-graduates themselves form a study. Among the group may be discovered the pale, absent, hard-reading, mathematical man, who comes for the sake of the argument, and the reasoning,—and this class predominates during Bishop Marsh's turn of duty;—the Classic, and *Belles lettres'* reader, whose aim is to pick up a fine idea, or glowing sentiment;—the Musical Amateur whose only object is the Psalm and the Voluntary;—and the Lounger, who hopes to wile an idle hour away, and perchance smile admiration at some pretty face below. Even in the mode of complying with the etiquette, which requires the cap to conceal the face during the prayer which precedes the Sermon, the different

bearings of the Students are perceptible. There are the strait-forward, plodding, matter of fact men, who grasp their cap as a mere point of academical discipline, and hold it bolt upright before them without looking right or left;—the Diffident, who balance it with an uncertain hold, and take an anxious look at others to see if they themselves are doing right;—the Satirical, who are slyly, yet keenly, criticising the devotional attitude of their neighbours;—the Simeonites, who one and all actually bury their faces in their cap;—the Exquisite, who is striving with all his energies to hold *his* in a graceful attitude;—while the Bloods, and Yorkshire Exhibitioners, stare on as usual.

The period at which I am writing, is the interval between the last course of lectures delivered, on the Sunday afternoons, at St. Mary's, by the late Hulsean Lecturer Mr. Benson; and the fresh series about to be commenced by his successor Mr. Franks. The former as to popularity stands by himself, and indeed may be almost considered as the founder of a New School. Although, by the will of Mr. Hulse, the discourses to be delivered by his Lecturer must “dwell mainly on the rudiments and mysteries of our faith,” there never was a University

Preacher whose sermons were so numerous and constantly attended by the Undergraduates as Mr. Benson. Though both able men, the difference between the present and late Lecturer is very striking. The former preaches as to Infidels, the latter as to Christians. Mr. Franks states his arguments, and relies on your reason; Mr. Benson appeals to your heart. The first may be the most profound scholar: but it is reserved for the last to bring all his research to bear upon his subject. There is another beauty, too, in Mr. Benson's preaching, equally rare and remarkable,—he never hunts down an idea. He seizes a striking thought or glowing conception; uses, but not exhausts it,—and, having applied it to his purpose, passes on, leaving it in all its originality, and vigour, and freshness. His greatest external advantage is his voice. It is extremely low and soft, and even so weak as to convey the idea of great delicacy of constitution in the possessor: but at the same time it is so singularly clear, so full of harmony, as to be distinctly audible in every part of the building.

His delivery is slow, self-possessed, and solemn;—yet strikingly free from the slightest taint of pomposity, or affectation. He is totally destitute of the adventitious advantages of a fine person

or graceful action; but there is an earnestness in his manner, that convinces you "his heart is in the matter," and makes a demand on your attention which it is impossible to resist. His persuasive and plaintive voice, and most engaging delivery, may partly account for his extreme popularity; as well as explain why many who have heard his discourses from the pulpit, have felt disappointment on perusing them in private. As a practical preacher he stands without a rival. In the driest arguments he ever has the art of introducing passages of such beauty—reflections of such practical utility—and sentiments so home and so touching—that they stand apart like patches of verdure blooming in the midst of a desert:—and he is peculiarly happy in infusing the virtues of Christian meekness, humility, and benevolence, into the sternest and most irritating of all subjects—Controversial Divinity.

To his successor, Mr. Franks, hardly any of these observations will apply. Mr. Franks' voice is shrill, thin—from a blow, it is said, from a cricket ball in early life—and so highly pitched, as, at times, to appear on the point of cracking. Thus he is always enjoyed in

the closet, listened to in the pulpit. On the splendour of his materials he rests his fame. His delivery is plainer, and the whole style of his sermons simpler, than that of his popular predecessor. But the fruits of long and laborious research meet you in every sermon—the whole range of divinity seems to have come within his grasp—though, occasionally, paraphrases appear, which, at first sight, resemble the efforts of an “idle man.” His chief aim appears to be the exposure of the errors of the German School of Divinity; and his main anxiety, to warn the young Theological Student against a theory, built upon flights of fancy, not upon the doctrines of Scripture.

But to return to Mr. Benson. Those, who were present, will long remember his farewell discourse, closed with a most touching allusion to the crowded and youthful assemblage around him, whom he beautifully described, as, “Standing upon the confines of youth and manhood, with the passions of the one unsubdued, and the principles of the other unconfirmed.” The warmest wishes for his happiness, from those whom he has left behind, will accompany him

to his retirement.* Nor will their prayers be wanting, that he may long be spared to the Church—long watch over her interests and defend her doctrines—and that distant, far distant, may be the hour, when the tears of a sorrowing University will mourn him as one of her departed sons, who devoted their time, their acquirements, and their best energies, to promote Religion in others—and consecrated their talents to the service of their God.

* Mr. Benson has recently quitted Cambridge for the Vicarage of Ledsham, in Yorkshire—a living given him by a gentleman, to whom he was an utter stranger except by his writings and reputation.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
FORTY YEARS AGO.

“ Bear yourselves, then, as becomes the disciples of a
College where Newton studied, and Bentley presided.”

Monk.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
FORTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a College Chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing Algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits. We ran up to London in high style—went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quick breakfast at the Bedford, set out with our own horses upon a dashing drive through the WEST-END. We were turning down the Haymarket, and anticipating "joys yet unknown," when who, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warmhearted, but severe and peppery uncle, Sir Thomas P—— n.

Escape was impossible. A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary, and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to Elmwood Hall, and three thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George! why what the d—l do you do here? Tandem too, by ——!" I have it, thought I, as an idea crossed my mind. I looked right and left, as if it were wholly impossible that it could be me he was addressing.— "What! you don't know me, I suppose? Don't know your own uncle? Why, in the name of common sense—pshaw! you've done with that— Why, in —— name, Sir, an't you at Cambridge?"

"At Cambridge, Sir?" said I. "At Cambridge, Sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment, "why, I suppose, you never were at Cambridge? Never entered the gates at Trinity? eh! O! you young spendthrift; is this the way you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard, you young profligate? you young graceless — you young — you —!"

Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene, and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, Sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon an emergency, "I have not the honor of your

acquaintance!" His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment—"Excuse me, but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before."—He began to fidget.—"Make no apologies: they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate. You will find your country cousin, no doubt, in Green Street; and so, old buck, bye bye." The cart was removed, and we drove off, yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage, half frightful, half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim:—"He disowns me! the jackanapes! disowns his own uncle, by ——."

Phil. Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no time had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, *d'un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over a quadratic equation. "Well, George, what's to be done now? We're dished—dished—utterly dished."—"Not while I've two such tits as these fresh, Phil," was my reply. "So adieu to town, and hey for Cambridge."—"Cambridge?"—"Instantly—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses, immediately; and my only chance of

avoiding that romantic misfortune, of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we rattled back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety which I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and strings of carts impeded our progress: but, in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the College gates in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas been here?" I inquired of the porter, with ill concealed emotion. "No, Sir." Phil "thanked God, and took courage." "If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving veracious Joseph his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of College for this fortnight. You twig? Good.

"*Permitte Divis cætera.*"—

I had barely time to change my dress, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Euripides before me, Optics, Mechanics, and Hydrostatics strewed in learned confusion around me, when my uncle drove up to the gate. "Porter, I wish to see Mr. P——n; is he in his

rooms?"—"Yes, Sir, I took a parcel of books to him there ten minutes ago!" This was not the first bouncer the *Essence of Truth*, as Thomas was known through College, had told for me; nor the last he was well paid for.

"Reads very hard, I dare say?" observed the Baronet, in his soft, winning voice. "No doubt of that, I believe, Sir."—"You audacious varlet! how dare you look me in the face, and tell such a falsehood? You know he's not in Cambridge."—"Not in Cambridge? Sir, as I hope——." "None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms, I say, and show me himself."—He had now reached my staircase, and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering upon incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge.

"My dear Sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?"

"What! George! who—what—why—Ecod, I must be dreaming."

"How happy I am to see you." I ran on. "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!"

"Eh! what? D—n if I know where I am! Why, it is not possible! Good Lord, how peo-

ple may be deceived! My dear George"—speaking rapidly—"I met two fellows, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, one of them so like you in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to make a jest of me—and drove off. On my soul, my hair stood on end, and my blood was in a boil! I drove down directly with four horses to tell your Tutor, to tell the Master, to tell the whole College that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to enclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever."

"My dear Sir, how singular!"

"Singular? I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any Court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness! Your father and the fellow's mother were well acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height, the voice, all but the manner, and, d——e, that was *not* yours. No—no—you never would have treated your old uncle so."

"How rejoiced I am that——"

"Rejoiced? So am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studi-

ous, so immersed in Mathematics, would have convinced me. Ecod, I can't tell you how I was startled! I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of Trinity, the other of St. John's, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that though they knew each other by name and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately, and without speaking.— And it was only last week that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, shewed me a caricature taken from the life, representing a Cantab drowning, and another Gownsmen standing on the brink, exclaiming:—‘ Oh, that I had the honor of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!’ But—it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle.—I never heard that your father was a gay man.” (continued he, musing) “ but as you sit in that light, the likeness is ——.” I moved instantly.—“But it's impossible, you know, it's impossible. Come, my dear boy, come.— People, though electrified, must dine. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike!”

We dined at the inn, spent the evening together, and instead of the fifty, the "*last fifty*," he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, "My brother *was* a handsome man, and there *was* a Lady Somebody, who the world said was partial to him.—She may have a son. Most surprising likeness! God bless you!—Read hard, you young dog, read hard. Like as two brothers! Who the d—l could he be?"——

I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was "a little elevated," left me the heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honors, it did not disgrace my uncle's liberality, or his name. Many years have elapsed since our

last interview, but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by circumstances of the grossest deception : and pleasure,—that the serious reflections it awakened, cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and strait forward path of life, that of

THE SEXAGENARIAN.

THE
COMMERCIAL GENTLEMAN.

“Heu ! quanto minus est cum *reliquis* versari quam *tui*
meminisse.”

THE
COMMERCIAL GENTLEMAN.

It was during a tour in the West of England, in the long vacation, that a college friend and myself put up at an Inn at Falmouth, frequented by COMMERCIAL GENTLEMEN. Anxious to see life in all its varieties, we entered the Traveller's room, the only inmate of which was a fat, bustling, red-faced, self-important gentleman, who was devouring oysters with all his energies. My waggish friend, Waters, ever on the watch for a joke, at once accosted him:—"you are fond of oysters, I presume, Sir?"—"Very, Sir," and he swallowed with a smack the last of six dozen.—"Far be it from me to alarm you, Sir," returned the other with a countenance of the deepest concern—"but I own I feel surprised at your partiality for *Falmouth* oysters. You are of course aware, that, in consequence of the vicinity to the

mines, they contain a portion of poisonous metallic substance, which causes sickness and swelling, and sometimes even death in the oyster eater." "Metallic substance! poisonous vicinity!" returned the man of journeys, pettishly:—"I've eaten many a barrel of oysters in my time, Sir, and"—"I hope you'll eat many more," interrupted Waters, "though, upon my soul, I doubt it. However, *au revoir*;" and we left him for a stroll about the town.

On our return to supper after an hour's ramble, we found the Commercial Gentleman pacing up and down the room,—"*non passibus æquis*,"—and evidently awaiting, with some anxiety, our re-appearance. "Sir," said he to Waters, in the most silvery tones, "I have been considering what you told me, and—and—I feel rather—queer." "Now don't let me alarm you," said W. with his most imperturbable face, "but we remarked to each other, as we entered the room, that your countenance was perceptibly altered." "Now are you serious? Oh dear! what *shall* I do? Do advise me!"—"Call in a medical man directly," said the wag, "and that no time may be lost, I myself will be the messenger."

He soon found a "Country Practitioner," whom he summoned to see "a friend of his, of

very shattered nerves, who fancied himself poisoned by eating a few oysters!" The affair in consequence took a new turn. After Mr. Gobblestone had detailed his case with the utmost earnestness, "Yes, yes," says the Doctor to us in a whisper, "I see very clearly how matters stand. Evidently disordered in the brain. Wrong here," and he tapped in the most knowing manner his own bald pericranium. "I'll humour him! That's *my* line of practice! I'll humour him!" To the patient with a smile he continued, "yes, Sir, yes, Cornish oysters are most pernicious—highly pernicious—fatally pernicious; you must be bled without delay; a blister to-morrow if necessary; a cooling draught on going to-bed; and I shall send a mixture to be taken every three hours."

The Commercial Gentleman was then bled, and hurried off to his pillow; while Waters determined to keep up the joke; while assisting him to undress, secreted his waistcoat: we then had the broad back taken out, and a very narrow one substituted. Early the next morning I made a point of seeing the invalid. "I hope you are better, Mr. Gobblestone?"—"O! I am as well as ever I was in my life. It was all a joke, wasn't it?" said he, with what was meant to be an insinuating

smile, "I knew it was all a joke. Ha! ha! ha!" "Well, I hope you'll find it such," said I, slyly depositing the waistcoat and making my exit.

We had hardly begun breakfast when the unfortunate Londoner rushed in:—his eyes staring—his teeth chattering—and desperation marked on every feature. "I'm a dead man—poisoned—done for—gone. Look! my waistcoat, that I pulled off with ease last night, won't meet any where by three inches this morning. Oh! I see it plainly—my hours are numbered, and I'm to be another victim to these fatal oysters. Yes—from the first moment you mentioned it, I was sure it was all over with me. I FEEL MYSELF SWELLING EVERY MINUTE. Help! Help! send for the surgeon—but it's in vain. I'm beyond the reach of medicine! O dear! O dear! how *very, very* hard to die in this out-o'-the-way place, and all for the sake of a few oysters! For God's sake, gentlemen, take pity on a dying man! my life's invaluable to the firm. How long d'ye think I shall live? Have I time to make my will? Think of the firm! what *will they say*, when they think of my untimely end? I'm going—I feel it—my breath's leaving me. Help! I say, help!"

The joke was now become serious, for the Commercial Gentleman was black in the face, and we determined on telling him the truth.— He listened to us with glistening eyes ; at the conclusion, smiled in the most ghastly manner ; and then rushed precipitately from the room.— A full quarter of an hour was spent in incessant roars of laughter, and when that time had elapsed, we sought him with the landlady ; she told us that on leaving the room he had called for his bill,—“ settled it like a lord,”—ordered a chaise—and quitted the town. The recollection of his lovely countenance when he left us ; half a dozen empty phials ; a cooling mixture ; an empty pill box ; and some saline draughts ; were all we had to console us, for a surgeon’s bill of three guineas, the sum we had the pleasure of paying for our hoax on the COMMERCIAL GENTLEMAN.



A LIFE OF TRIALS.

“ Human life is indeed a state in which much is to be endured, and little to be enjoyed ; and I have been early taught that this world is not my home, is not my Canaan ; and ought I then to murmur if, in my pilgrimage through the desart, the fruits and flowers of Eden are denied me ? ”

Anonymous.

A LIFE OF TRIALS.

I HAVE this day completed my ninetieth year.—It may fairly be supposed that vanity has nothing to do with *one* who is faltering on the brink of the grave; and that *she* can have little in view, save the instruction of others, in detailing two of the trials of a strange and chequered existence. The first may teach the younger part of my sex, in this age of over-refinement, that if courage be indispensable to bold, enterprising man,—self-possession is no less necessary to timid, shrinking woman; and my second, that if anatomical exposure be the nurse—and I believe it—of medical science, caution should be used in the selection of objects, and discrimination in the choice of those who are to participate in its disclosures. And thus, when my feeble voice will be heard in this world no longer, I may instruct from my grave.

I was a girl of eighteen when my father was Governor of York Castle. A murder, attended with circumstances of the most inhuman barbarity, had been perpetrated in our neighbourhood, and an old man with his two sons, charged with the commission of the crime, were delivered into is custody. By accident I witnessed their being brought into the Castle. Years have passed away, and other events have succeeded; joy and sorrow, affluence and poverty, like storm and sunshine, have chased each other; foreign scenes and foreign faces have intervened; but I see them before me now—in the deep gloom of midnight in which I am writing—as clear, aye, as if they were standing in life before me! The hardened ruthless look of the elder murderer—his venerable hoary hair frightfully contrasted by the expression of his countenance—his cold gray eye, which glanced incessantly around with the most fearful and restless anxiety—his parched lips and haggard look, sadly at variance with his bent form and tottering gait:—all combined to form a picture, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. The two sons stood behind their father. The eldest appeared stern and sullen—muttered an incoherent answer when asked what injury he had received from his victim—while an

expression of vindictive triumph glared in his eye; the youngest seemed bowed down with the consciousness of guilt, and kept his eyes fixed sadly on the ground. Once only he raised them. They encountered the old man's penetrating glance, and sunk beneath it.

Deposition, after deposition, was drawn out, and such a mass of circumstantial evidence accumulated, that it was hardly possible to doubt their guilt. The trial was to come on in the course of ten days; but in the interim a committee of the House of Commons required my father's presence in town, and I was left in charge of the castle. It was a responsibility which I had incurred before, and it did not appear formidable. I was surrounded by trusty and tried servants, and having always been taught to rely on my own courage and resolution in exigencies, I entered upon my duties without fear. The keys of the different wards were brought me, every night, and remained under my pillow till morning; and that my father's room might be kept perfectly aired, I removed to it the evening after his departure. Things went on smoothly for some days, till, one morning, I was told that the eldest Welsford was not to be found, and was

supposed to have made his escape. Placards were posted over York without delay—large rewards offered for his apprehension—officers and constables despatched in all directions—but without success. Eight and forty hours elapsed and no tidings were procured of him. How he had escaped—and to what retreat he had fled—was as much a secret as ever.

In this annoying posture of affairs, I went to my own room, in the evening of the second day, for some papers I wished to consult. I had opened my desk, and was busily prosecuting my search, when, happening to glance my eye round, I distinctly saw the face of a man cautiously peeping over the furniture of my bed. I *felt* it was Welsford's! My first impulse was to scream, but recollecting that I was alone—in a distant part of the house—that all assistance was beyond my reach—that the faintest shriek would seal my doom—I hastily smothered my emotion, and continued my search as before. I confess I trembled:—and thinking my death blow might be dealt from behind, I determined on having what little notice I could; and *facing* my foe, I drew my chair fronting the bed, and read a letter—my voice, I know, faltered—aloud. I

then sung for a few moments—very faintly I believe!—till, gradually getting nearer and nearer the door, I made a grasp at the lock, and rushed out. I trust I felt as grateful as I ought towards a merciful Providence, when I locked the door upon the Felon!

The turnkeys were then summoned—the fugitive was taken—secured—and, a few hours afterwards, condemned. On the night preceding his execution he made a full confession. After admitting the justice of his sentence, he continued,—that having discovered by accident his cell joined my apartment, and knowing the keys were given me, nightly, he had climbed up one chimney, and let himself down by another into my room; that his design was to have murdered me—possessed himself of the keys—and escaped; that during the two whole days he was missing, he had lain concealed in my room, enduring—as he himself expressed it—“between hunger and disappointment, the torments of the damned.” He added, he “thought himself in heaven when he at last saw me enter: and though I had not the keys with me would have then *despatched me*, but that he was *sure* from my manner and stay, I had no suspicion he was near

me!" How closely did I hover on the confines of the other world!—A sound, nay even a look, and I should have been in eternity!

* * * * *

I pass over many years in which I was launched on the stormy sea of sorrow, and buffeted with its waves—and hasten to my last trial. I had seen the light turf strewn over my father and five brothers;—one, only one, the youngest, and my favourite, survived. The death of the others had only knitted us more strongly together, and made us all the world to each other. After having received a thoroughly medical education, he was on the point of entering into partnership, when my mother's death recalled him to York. Her loved form had been deposited in its narrow dwelling, and he was about to return to town, when a friend requested him to demonstrate on a subject, and three days after the funeral he consented to do so. He went to the Infirmary—his instruments were ready—and every preparation had been made—but when the cloth which covered the body was removed, he recognised his—own mother! The empire of reason was at an end. He rushed from the room a maniac!

I am now an isolated being. Of a large and

happy family, I remain the solitary survivor. But do I complain? do I repine? Oh no! Roses have been scattered among the thorns which have strewn my path thro' life; and, feeling that my connection with earth and its illusions will be shortly closed, I look forward to the period when the storms and tempests, that have deformed the evening of my days, will be succeeded by the never-failing pleasures of eternal spring.

RACHEL.

FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS

AT

EMMANUEL.

“ The stage is a more general profession than is commonly supposed ; for, if the matter were fully investigated, it would be found we are, all of us, more or less — ACTORS.”

Bishop Hersley.

FOUR AND TWENTY HOURS

AT

EMMANUEL.

IT was in my Freshman's term that I returned the visit of a NON-READING MAN, the morning after a wine-party in his rooms. The scene was completely metamorphosed. The prints—of a somewhat equivocal description—which had so conspicuously adorned the walls on the preceding evening, had given place to a portrait of Huntington, some miserable daubs from *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and a plan of the New Jerusalem;—in his bookcase, instead of *The Sporting Magazine* and *The Racing Calendar*, were *Hervey's Meditations* and *Mason on Self-Knowledge*; while an immense *Family Bible* lay upon the table.—“I certainly have made a mistake,” thought I—I am rather near-sighted—and was retiring in precipitation, when Hollis, who had been enjoy-

ing my amazement, welcomed me with a roar of laughter. "Ask no questions," said he; "the Governor is coming."—"The Governor of what?"—"Why, of me: who, in Heaven's name, should the Governor be but my Dad? Hush! here he is." So saying, he put a folio on *Original Sin* into my hands,—armed himself with *The Whole Duty of Man*,—and pulled a face which might have followed a funeral.

A stick, at measured intervals, was now heard along the passage, and a little, short, thickset man, in a snuff-coloured coat and pepper-and-salt small-clothes, made his appearance. In despite of a nose shaped like the ace of spades, and a starch Calvinistic kind of visage, his face was strongly indicative of good humour; and his whole air was that of a substantial gentleman farmer—who "was well to do in the world."—"Ah, my dear Bob! how are you, my boy? how are you?—Just as I expected! hard at it. Nothing like learning! Right, Bob! right!—Divinity, eh? Divinity? Baxter, Bob? or *Barrow on the Ten Virgins*? But who is that?" said he, in a whisper, perceiving me.—"That? Oh! that's a most profound scholar—mathematical to the *Enth*! a man of 'Platonics versus Peripneumonics.'"—"Eh? O! I understand—you mean

he'll wrangle—may be a Fellow, perhaps, or a Head?"—"Beyond doubt," replied Hollis with the most whimsical gravity.

"Sir," said the Governor to me with a bow as low as the table, "I'm proud to see you. I'm not much of a scholar myself—but I worship a learned man. Now our Vicar was a GREAT man here; and says I to him, last tithe-day, 'Your Reverence's sermons are main good; but perhaps you would give us a little bit of Latin—or Greek—or even Hebrew—now and then?'—Dr. Dolittle stared, and said, 'Why, if I should, Mr. Hollis, I fear you would not understand it.'—'No matter for that, your Reverence,' says I; 'no matter for that: we pays for the best, and we ought to have it!'—But you'll dine with Bob to-day?" stopping short in his story. I bowed assent—for speaking was out of the question—and hurried off.

The dinner hour came, and shortly after we were seated the old boy struck up "Bob, where's your wine?"—"Wine, Sir!" says Bob, with a face of the most whimsical solemnity—"I hope you didn't expect to see wine in *my* rooms. Oh dear, no! Consider the times, Sir."—"Right, Bob! right. The times are fri—ghtful, mo—nstrous; but my digestion requires a glass, not-

withstanding. I'll send for *a* bottle of white and *a* bottle of red. I will. Hang it, I will. You shall have a glass of wine as a TREAT!"—The idea of a glass of wine being a treat to a man who thought six dozen a Term short allowance, I thought would have made my beef-steak choak me;—while Hollis was actually black in the face. The wine came, and quickly disappeared. As we emptied the second bottle, "Well," says the Governor, "considering you are not USED to wine, you seem to stand it remarkably well! But you sha'nt have *dry* rooms, Bob, for I'll send you a *dozen*! And here's a bill for twenty. Take care of it—it's a monst—rous sum in these days, Mr. Robert Hollis;" and he screwed up his mouth as if his wine had been vinegar. "But, come—I must start. Stick close to *Baxter*, my boy, and I'll send you—*Jeremy Taylor* next week."

We accompanied the old gentleman to the Black Bear, and saw him fairly started. "There goes a slow coach," said Hollis; "but a kinder father"—and a glow of affectionate gratitude lighted up his face—"never son had. Come, my boy, we'll return and drink his health in claret; and may he keep me out of 'The Elms' these thirty years!"

A question respecting lectures obliged me to

go to his rooms four and twenty hours afterwards—but what a change had that interval produced! In the absence of Hollis, some son of fun, “IN BEER,” had put the whole room in confusion. The chairs were piled on the tables—the carpets were rolled up in a cupboard—the pictures were turned with their faces to the wall—and not a book of any description was to be seen. But the arrangement of his busts—his choice and favourite busts—was the most singular. The Duke of Wellington was reading *The Examiner* in a white surplice—Cleopatra wore a pair of striped corduroy breeches—while the Venus de Medicis was in bed with Sir Walter Scott!

Laughable as was the scene, it gave rise to deeper impressions. Creatures of change even in trifles, what mutability surrounds us! But is not a father too dear, too hallowed, an object to be dissembled with? Are not his very foibles to be held sacred? And when the intoxication of youth has subsided, and the summits of calmer affections begin to appear—when the animal spirits of the boy have given place to the cool, dispassionate suggestions of the man—will the most harmless dissimulation be reflected on with pleasure? On the contrary, shall we not remember, with pain, every instance of filial deception—when

a marble monument—a fading portrait—and the oaks he planted—are all that remain of the being who gave us birth?

E.

HUFFEY WHITE.

“Semel insanivimus omnes.”

HUFFEY WHITE.

It was the beginning of the year 1821, that, for my sins, I was travelling in the north mail to Lincoln. My companion was a "scion of a noble stock," and a *soi-disant* invalid: so tenacious of descent, that, as Boniface said of his ale, he eat, drank, slept, lived, and died upon his "family;" and was withal one of those tiresome, prosing, disconsolate, hearty old bachelors who are afflicted with more diseases than the College of Physicians is acquainted with. Our only other fellow-passenger was "eloquent in silence;" for we heard his voice for the first time, when we parted at Market Harborough, where he wished Mr. Plantagenet better health, satirically adding, that he "blessed God he had a good constitution, and no nonsense about him."

An influx of strangers arising from a county election, obliged us to put up with a double-bedded room. Mr. P. had taken his nightly allowance—a posset, some caudle, and a basin of water-gruel:—had arranged his toast and water on one side, and his lemonade on the other, —had applied hot bottles to his feet, and warm pillows to his head—and, having exhausted every waiter within his reach, was at last in a state of quiescence, when a thundering rap was heard at the door. “You can’t come in,” said Mr. P. faintly, from under the clothes, as he saw me about to unbar the door, “the cold air,” he observed in a smothered voice—“would be fatal to me at this time of night.” “You can’t come in,” he repeated in a shriller key. “But we will,” was reiterated outside. “You will! what drunken vagabond is this? Fellow, do you know?”—“Don’t jabber to us, you old sinner; but unbolt the door.”—“God bless me!” cried the hypochondriac, “can I believe my ears? An old sinner! There *must* be some mistake which”—“We’ll burst the pannels,” interrupted the assailants.—“Oh! this is unbearable. Give me my flannel gown. I’ll leave the Inn instantly.”—“Force the door, Jack, I say, d——me force the door, or the old one will get off.”

And, our assailants suiting lustily the action to the word, the staples gave way with a crash—two constables entered with a warrant—desired my unfortunate friend to surrender—and instantly appear before a magistrate!

“Gentlemen,” said the Honourable Athelstan with all the dignity he could assume in his night cap, “this may be an excellent joke to you, but I happen to be a man of influence, and bitterly shall you repent it. It is clear you don’t know me.”—“Oh, but we do; and a devil of a chace you’ve given us. So now turn out.”—“If I don’t have you tried for assault and battery, at the Old Bailey, may I never sleep again,” replied Athelstan. At this juncture I interposed, and discovered, with amazement, that my illustriously allied friend was taken to be Hufsey White; that a warrant had been issued against him in that character; and that it was indispensably necessary he should forthwith appear before Colonel Clavering, the County Magistrate. I see him standing before me, as I, with the utmost difficulty, explained the circumstance. I seem again to witness his astonishment, his obstinacy in declaring it impossible. “I won’t believe it! A man of my station in life,—of my connexions,—of my appearance,”—and he sat bolt-upright in

bed—"to be taken for a Highwayman! It's out of the course of nature:"—and he took a draught of lemonade.—"Hardly sweet enough—so—good people"—he resumed—"from this place I won't stir. Were I not in bed, I'd soon—however, I shall to-morrow avenge this insult, and visit with the law my aggressors. Settle it with them, E—" he observed to me—"settle it with them;"—and carefully closing the curtains, he turned on his other side, and disappeared in the feather-bed.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! Blow me, if that's bad—" said the first constable—"but it won't do, old one, it won't do. This is a fifty-guinea job; and d'ye think we're such *flats*, when we have you so snug, as to let you slip tether for a bit of blarney? No, no. Come, Jack—" and they simultaneously tore off the clothes, and placed the Duke of Cardigan's cousin bolt upright on his legs in the middle of the apartment.—My interference was again indispensable. Plantagenet suffered himself to be dressed in silence; and I, having previously prepared myself with documents for rectifying the mistake, accompanied him and his attendant constables to the magistrates. HUFFEY was speechless. Even concern for his health, and his natural dread of a

draught, were forgotten. He looked around him, occasionally, with the air of a man awaking from a painful dream, but not a sound escaped him. On our arrival at Colonel Clavering's, a few minutes' conversation, and the production of some papers, soon rescued the noble Athelstan from the charge of being a footpad. It appeared, that after committing various robberies in the neighbourhood, the County Magistrates had ascertained Huffy to have quitted London by the Lincoln mail—that a warrant had been issued out against him in consequence—and that the same description applying to *both* parties, my hapless friend had been apprehended for the hardy highwayman. Beyond doubt, our silent fellow passenger, “who had no nonsense about him,” had been—Huffy White!

Many and sincere apologies were made for the mistake; but Mr. P. resolutely declared he should never survive it. “At my time of life!—a man of my family to be taken for a common footpad!—Say no more; my death warrant is sealed.” Neither argument, nor raillery, could remove the impression. “You are very good,” was his reply to a hope Colonel Clavering had expressed, they should meet again, and often hereafter,—

“but”—and his countenance assumed a most dolorous expression,—“I am now bound upon my last journey.” Our hospitable host detained us that night, and the next morning Mr. P. resumed his route. But he was still haunted by the same idea. When in his carriage, he replied, with a wave of his white handkerchief, to some *badinage* from his fair hostess, respecting a future Mrs. Plantagenet——“Many thanks, Madam; but earthly feelings are at rest with me. I am hastening to a world—(his voice went off in a quaver)—where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Colonel Clavering, farewell! You look for the last time on Athelstan Plantagenet. All is over. Drive on.”

The gentle reader, perhaps, will smile at hearing, that *maladie imaginaire* very shortly had her triumph. Whether cold, over-exertion, excited feelings, or hypochondriacism, produced the event, is uncertain: but a few weeks afterwards the County paper announced the death, at the mansion of his noble relative, of the Honorable Athelstan Plantagenet, uncle to the late, and cousin to the present, Duke of Cardigan; M. A., F. R. S., F. L. S.—and, thinks I to myself, A. S. S. Time, however, and the cares of maturer

life had almost effaced the circumstance from my recollection, till, on passing through Northampton, I was shown, in the corner of a country church-yard, "Huffey White's grave." It is on record, that this terror to nervous ladies and elderly gentlemen, after his last exploit of robbing the North mail, was tried, condemned, and executed in this very town; and afterwards, by the entreaties of his friends,—who for many nights watched around his grave,—buried in the church-yard of St. Giles, the parish in which the gaol is situated. To the last, the same daring, reckless, spirit displayed itself, which had characterized him through life. On his way to execution, he snatched an orange from the basket of a woman who stood near the foot of the gallows; and on the platform replied to the devotions of his fellow-sufferer—"Come! look sharp—let's be off."

The corner is almost concealed from public gaze, and wholly appropriated to the remains of malefactors. The spot is lonely and quiet—the grass grows green and fresh o'er his grave—but Superstition has cast her halo around it: and the peasant, in the hour of twilight, will take any other path than that which runs beside it—will

whistle—will sing—will fix his eye on any object, however distant and uninteresting—and feels happy and relieved, when he leaves the spot behind him, where, beneath the sod, moulder the remains of this Prince of Footpads.

E.

A CONSTITUTION.

“ Democritus was a wiser man than Heraclitus. They are the wisest and the happiest who can pass through life as a play—who, without making a farce of it, and turning every thing into ridicule, or running into the opposite extreme of tragedy, consider the whole period, from the cradle to the coffin, as a well-bred comedy, and maintain a cheerful smile to the last.”

ANONYMOUS.

A CONSTITUTION.

WHAT a blessed thing is a Constitution! Like Charity, "it covers a multitude of sins," and I scarcely know how some people would balance their accounts with heaven, did they not put to the credit side, their Constitution. Go where we will, this most potent plea meets us. My particular friend, Delaware, but a day or two since, when the Churchwardens told his father, "that the additional rates were owing to his own son, for he had seduced almost every girl in the parish," assured his Dad, with the most enviable equanimity, that he "was a libertine from constitution rather than from vice!"

Again. There was a Mrs. Hill of Wakefield—the head of the Lying-in Charity, and a *very ingenious lady*—who had *her constitutional weakness*; and a queer one, beyond controversy, it

was. Though a woman in very easy circumstances, she could never resist, on entering her milliner's shop, purloining some bit of finery which struck her fancy. The milliner was sorely perplexed at the regular disappearance of remnants of lace—French kid gloves—and superfine silk stockings after Mrs. Hill's visits, and had long puzzled her brains to no purpose; till accident, one morning, discovered the thief. Unwilling to lose her property, and equally unwilling to lose a good customer, with the true sagacity of a *Marchande des Modes*, she determined on adding the lost articles to Mrs. Hill's account, and silently awaiting the result. The stratagem succeeded. The bill was paid, and no questions were asked. But in an evil hour, Mrs. Hill ventured to practise her pranks in a strange shop, the owner of which, unlike the complaisant Miss Weathercock, acquainted Mr. Hill with the fact, and rudely threatened to prosecute his lady. Mr. Hill listened to the story with Quaker-like calmness, and with a dry hem exclaimed, "It was constitutional—quite so!"

Others have a constitutional propensity to laugh at "any thing dreadful;" and from being thus naturally blessed, Etheridge, a College chum of mine, lost *only* ten thousand pounds!

His uncle awoke him one morning, and told him, with a face of horror, that his grand-father had been found dead in his bed. The expression of his uncle's phiz—the red velvet night cap which adorned his brow—the shiver of his whole frame, which made his teeth rattle like the keys of an old harpsichord—combined with his constitutional propensity, to make my unlucky friend roar again. The old bachelor, thunderstruck, left the room; took out his *bene decessit* a few months afterwards; and by his will left his nephew—five guineas for a mourning ring!

Then there are constitutional liars—men, who, without any advantage to gain, or any end to answer, indulge in the most palpable falsehoods. Under this description come two brothers whom I once met. The one had travelled, and had seen more prodigies than any tourist before or after him; the other was a man of *bonnes fortunes*, and had been on intimate terms with every beauty in Europe. The first declared he had *seen* water boil till it was *red-hot*—manfully stood to his assertion before a large party—and because one gentleman in company expressed his doubts respecting the phenomenon—fought a duel to *prove* it! The other carried his constitutional

weakness still farther: for he made his last action, on earth, constitutionally in keeping with the rest of his life. A few hours before he died, he summoned a particular friend to his bed-side, and in a voice, tremulous with approaching dissolution, entreated him to be a guardian and a father to a little boy whose mother was a beautiful girl of high rank. To her he gave him a letter, beautifully and pathetically worded, and filled with the most familiar and endearing epithets, authorizing her to surrender his child to his friend. Firmly believing the dying man's statement, the friend, after following him to the grave, hurried to Harley Street, and with considerable difficulty, obtained an interview with the lady:—delivered the letter:—and begged to be favoured with her commands. The scene may be more easily supposed, than described, when I add, that the Earl's daughter—for such she was—amazed at its contents, summoned one of her brothers to unravel the mystery;—and that a duel had very nearly been the result. It was, at last, proved, beyond all question, that the lady had been absent from England during the whole period to which the letter referred—that she could not possibly have ever known the

writer—and in all human probability, was utterly ignorant that such an unprincipled being was in existence.

Again. I have heard it asserted, “ ’tis years ago !” of an old naval officer, who was an ornament to his noble profession, and had a heart that did honor to human nature—that he lived swearing, died swearing ; and it was shrewdly suspected by his men, had been born swearing ! A few hours before his last action, he called both his eyes and his blood to witness, that he could not live an hour without swearing,—could not fight his ship without swearing,—and finally ended with, “ By——it’s constitutional with me, it’s in my blood !”

But how does it happen that the case is so seldom reversed ? Rarely, very rarely, does Constitution get the credit of our virtues. I never heard of a lady owning that she was constitutionally chaste—a Clergyman, that he was constitutionally pious—a Whig, that he was constitutionally patriotic—or a Fellow of a College, that he was constitutionally abstemious. Oh, dear, no ! All that is *Principle*. We claim for ourselves all the credit due to our virtues, while we burthen our Constitution with our vices ; and it seems most happily ordered, that every crea-

ture, under heaven, has some failing with which he can charge his Constitution.

To be sure, here and there, one lights upon an exception. For instance, my hypochondriacal neighbour, who can eat, drink, sleep, and talk;—owns a face like a dairy-maid; and a corporation only second to that of Sir William Curtis; has, to my certain knowledge, been in a dying state for the last five years, owing to “a complication of disorders.” Wretched mortal! he has deprived himself of the most availing plea for ever. He told me, this morning, with a countenance that would have made a mile-stone melancholy, that “it was all over with him—his case was decided on—Pelham Warren had only just told him, he could do nothing more for him—HE HAD NO CONSTITUTION AT ALL!”

E.

ENGLISH ANOMALIES.

“Wondrous, that our will should ever oppose itself to the strong and uncontrollable tide of destiny—that we should strive with the stream, when we might float with the current.”

Author of Waverley.

ENGLISH ANOMALIES.

WITH all our pretensions to steadiness of principle, and consistency of conduct, we are a strange inconsistent nation. Overflowing with patriotism, we are for ever railing at the climate and localities of our island;—stoutly protesting, when at home, that despotism has so encroached upon the rights of the subject, that not even a shadow of liberty is left us—yet declaring, with the first breath we draw on a foreign strand, that England alone is free;—perpetually satirizing our ruling princes,—and yet, when any domestic calamity assails their family, rally round them with all the zeal, and all the devotion of affection;—incessantly proclaiming we are ill-governed—a favourite complaint by the way in all ages, of the governed against the governors—and yet when abroad dwelling on the English Con-

stitution, as a model for every nation on the globe;—when engaged in warfare, praying, longing, petitioning for peace—on its arrival dissatisfied, and desiring war;—admitting, that as a Commercial Nation, a state of tranquillity is, for us, a state of prosperity—yet ready on the first opportunity or the most trifling pretext to engage headlong in hostilities;—pleading the utmost poverty, and more than hinting our being on the brink of bankruptcy—yet lending in their necessities to all the world besides;—for ever seeking pleasure in excursions distant from our country, yet never happy when separated from her bosom.

In our internal policy there are minute but equally striking anomalies. Large parks, and pleasure grounds, and chases, and ridings, meet the eye, while the cry is resounding through the isle, that the population of England is too great for her extent, and the landed proprietor reads Malthus with a shudder, in a study, that opens upon acres of lawn. Let the monopolizer of territory meet the subject fairly; and while he contemplates with selfish satisfaction the acres, that as mere matters of taste or ornament surround his mansion, let him reflect for what purposes they were originally intended, and to what object they are now applied. If he be-

lieves, in sober earnestness, that the population of England is on an increase fatal to her prosperity, will he leave a nook or clod uncultivated, which may be converted into human life? When he considers that the belt of stunted firs or dwindling exotics which surrounds his seat might be studded with cottages, and peopled with spirits, such as shall one day encircle the throne of Heaven—will he talk of placing legal and authoritative restraints on the increase of his fellow-beings?—or think it a proof of fine taste, to admire more a hot-house plant or scathed oak, than the image of his Maker, in the infant face or hoary age of honest and industrious cottagers?

But it is during an Assize week, in a County town, that the anomalous state of English feeling is distinctly perceptible. A period of agony to many a parent—of anxious expectation and fearful apprehension to many a bosom—has been selected as a season of gaiety; and the time, when death is dealing with the guiltiest of our fellow-beings, and crimes and characters are disclosed, which disgrace humanity, is seized on as propitious to revelry and enjoyment. But can not the case be applied to ourselves? Have we not our “Great Assize?” And what would

be thought of the folly of those malefactors, or what is likely to be their doom, who, instead of preparing for their own trial, spend the interval in amusing themselves with trifles, or coolly contemplating the fate of their fellows ?

Another trait of the anomalous state of public law and intellect made striking by Assize Executions—and I have done. The state of mind, repentant or obdurate, in which a convict meets his doom, is matter of interest to the whole neighbourhood, if not the County: while hundreds of poor creatures around us, and all sinners ;—as who is not?—die in their hovels disregarded. A Chaplain attends the victim of the law ; other Clergymen frequently assist the Chaplain, while the zeal and energies of all are exerted for this individual's salvation. But is every poor cottager and parish pauper so assisted?—If not, —and such assistance insure salvation—then it becomes an inestimable blessing to die at the gallows !

E.

THE GREEN DRAGON

AT

HARROGATE.

"A keen perception of the ludicrous I take to be one of the greatest blessings in life."

Horne Tooke.

THE GREEN DRAGON

AT

HARROGATE.

IT was my good fortune in my nineteenth summer to spend six weeks at Harrogate. Owing to our arriving late we were stationed at, what was termed, the Round-Table. Among the Knights of the Round-Table was a Mr. Cyrus Quincunx—a gentlemanly man—who would have done very well with his curricie and two fine bay horses, had he not been blessed with a nose. It was a nose of most unusual dimensions. It was a nose—but I cannot describe what it *was*—so I must say what it was *not*. It was *not* a Roman nose—nor a Grecian nose—nor yet an aquiline nose. Neither was it a turn-up nose—nor a snub nose. It was *not* the nose of a drunkard—nor the nose of the sensualist—nor the nose

of the glutton. It looked like a nose in a blaze :—and, by moonlight, cast such a shade before the *wearer*!—in fact, it was a deuce of a nose.—“It is really a great pity: for Mr. Cyrus is so very polite—of such a very old family—has so much to say for himself—and such a *sweet pretty place in the country*!” said the ladies—“A devil of a bore for the fellow, that nose of his!” exclaimed the gentlemen.

It happened, very unfortunately, that Mr. Cyrus’s seat was directly opposite a very pretty girl, whom he persecuted with his pressing recommendations of the pastry and good things in his neighbourhood. His attentions, though they were wormwood, were evidently so kindly meant, that they were accepted by all—though I observed the dishes in his vicinity to be rarely tasted:—and the plate of many a fair one, whom he had helped, to be sent away untouched. It was curious, too, to remark that the ladies invariably took a side view of him—answered him askance, or aside—and not one, that I ever saw, ventured to look him full in front, or face this terrible nose.

While these manœuvres were in full play, chance determined that Mr. Cyrus Quincunx should be stationed close to a mould of jelly. Of

this he insisted, as usual, on doing the honors; but alas! while he gracefully bent, in wining with a fair one opposite, a luckless piece of jelly adhered to the tip of his still more luckless nose. Entirely ignorant of the mischief, he continued talking—and helping—and eating—and bowing—and smiling—while, at every grimace and gesticulation, the jelly shook and quivered with the most responsive sympathy. The ladies at first affected not to see it—then averted their blooming faces—fixed their eyes on the table—all wouldn't do:—at a prolonged shake of the jelly a giggling boarding-school miss was unable to repress her risibility, and, the example once set, the whole table was in a roar.

At the dinner table, on the succeeding day, no Mr. Quincunx made his appearance. It was soon buzzed about, that a Mr. Chapman had arrived at Harrògate within the last week, with a nose of unusual dimensions beyond doubt—but “*very inferior, on the whole,*” to that which claimed Mr. Quincunx for its owner. Mr. Q. had, as usual, gone to the Well at Low-Harrògate for his morning dose, when the woman observed, “You have had your glass already, sir.” “Impossible,” replied *Nosey Major*, “for I have only

this moment arrived.”—“Well, sir,” returned the Naiad of the Well, pertly, “I am sure I have given it, for I can’t be mistaken in the gentleman: Mr. Chapman of the Crown?”—“Oh my Heavens!” exclaimed Mr. Cyrus, setting down his glass untasted, “is it possible that I could be taken for that disgusting object!” And he left Harrògate in an hour.—“How little do we know ourselves!” was the original remark of the antiquated belle who told the story. “Mr. Cyrus could never have looked in the glass! Why, Mr. Chapman is a beauty compared to him!”—It was pretty well known, afterwards, she had had her little designs for months upon *Nosey Minor*—but let that pass.

* * * * *

I had returned from Harrògate some months, and had wholly forgotten both Mr. Cyrus Quincunx and his nose, when I was attracted by a very smart dashing couple, alighting from a carriage, and entering a shop in the Hay-market where I was. The gentleman seemed to recognize me. His figure was familiar to me,—and so were *some* of his features: but to his general appearance, and the expression

of his face, I was an utter stranger. He spoke—called on me for my congratulations—and begged to introduce me to his bride.—It was Mr. Cyrus Quincunx, WITH A NEW NOSE.

E.

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF
HAROLD GODWINSON
BY
JOHN G. RICHARDS

OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

IN TWO VOLUMES.
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THE HISTORY OF THE
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HAROLD GODWINSON
BY
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UNIVERSITY OF
CAMBRIDGE

THE POTTS'S

I tremble at seventy-two.

Old Song.

THE POTTS'S !

I AM staying for the recovery of my health at the Potts's. The family—which consists of the father and head of the house, a daughter, a maiden aunt, and a daughter-in-law—pique themselves on being originals. Such things are valuable. I'll describe them !—Mr. Sharon Potts is an old gentleman who has so perplexed himself with creeds, and sects, and theories, that he has at last quietly settled down into a Swedenborgian. He believes, in common with his party, that we follow in heaven the same profession as on earth, and that his sect is permitted to converse, at will, with departed spirits. He told me, very gravely, the first evening of my becoming his inmate, “ that he was sure his departed wife—she had been cook to her late Majesty—

was at that moment engaged in culinary matters above;" and that he had rested, very ill, the evening of my arrival, owing to his having "been engaged in a course of chemical experiments with his deceased maiden aunt." On farther enquiry, I find he was once put into confinement, but contrived to make his escape. On his keepers overtaking him, he informed them, with the utmost dignity, that he was "an Etruscan vase, and belonged to the Marquis of Stafford's gallery;"—and desired them to take him there with "the greatest possible care," as he was considered to be, by his Lordship, the greatest curiosity in his collection!

Miss Celestina Potts—Sharon's only daughter—is a great curiosity in her way. In early life she threw herself into the Humber because her father insisted on her learning "running hand:" and now "certain matters" are pending between her and a Mr. Penshurst Cadwallader, a Cambridge exquisite, whom she met at a ball—where his irresistible appearance in a pair of *white sarsnet small-clothes* (fact, ladies, on my honour!) decided her fate for life. The circumstances of the courtship are in perfect keeping with the intellect of the parties. Mr. P. C.—I detest your long names!—without ever having exchanged a sen-

tence with the lady in question, thought proper to assert, in every Coterie at Hull, that whoever married Celestina Potts “might expect to breed candidates for Bedlam!”—But chance having shortly afterwards bestowed ten thousand pounds on Miss Potts, so thoroughly convinced was Mr. Penshurst of the soundness of her understanding, and of her qualifications for a wife,—that he laid his pretty person at her feet and offered to make her—Mrs. Penshurst Cadwallader!—Miss Celestina Potts, on this—as she phrased it—“most interestingly-critical moment of her life,” replied : —“Mr. Penshurst Cadwallader—some girls—nay, most girls—in my situation—would have kept you hours—and days—and weeks—and months, in suspense: but I scorn such conduct; and therefore I tell you at once that—I’LL HAVE YOU!”

But there is always a great personage in every family, and Mr. Potts’s sister—Mrs. Bathsheba—is lady of the ascendant in this. She is an ancient maiden, of large property, and vindicates her right to be “a Potts” by the eccentricity of her character. Her study is Blackstone’s Commentaries, and her delight, law. She piques herself on having been five and forty times in a Court of Justice; and relates, with joy, that she has been Plaintiff in twenty-two actions, and De-

fendant in eleven. By means, best known to herself, she has contrived to drag every tenant on her estate. at one time or other, into court—and is now going on her way rejoicing, as conducting a suit in chancery entirely on her own plan. The last time I saw Mrs. Bathsheba—she's rather too legal for me, for I've not been over and above fond of law ever since I was cast for damages in an action for breach of promise of marriage, some five and thirty years ago—I accompanied her to the sitting Alderman at the Guildhall, on a summons for nuisance and trespass! Mrs. B. Potts, as usual, chose to defend herself; but on an unfortunate turn in her legal oratory, the worthy magistrate was unable to preserve his gravity, and Mrs. Bathsheba—regardless of my rheumatics—immediately hurried me out of court, assuring his Worship, with a most stentorian holloa, that, “she would see her legal adviser that very day, and take the law of him for laughing at her.”

To me the most pleasing of the groupe are Mrs. George Potts—the widow of Sharon's only son—and two pretty little girls, her children. She is thought to be a lady of very great refinement. I must say she carries it, at times, rather too far for *me*—for I felt much shocked at hearing her ask to day, at dinner, for “masticat-

ed turnip ;” and hardly knew what reply to make her yesterday, when she lamented to me, very pathetically,—her “utter inability to teach Nerissa and Antonina,” chits of five years old—“little elegancies !”

* * * * *

I have been interrupted by that awful woman, Mrs. Bathsheba Potts. On my life, I begin to fear, from her constant visits, she has some design upon me ! Without any previous intimation, she perched herself upon a stool, and rehearsed part of a speech which she intended should be made in her cause in chancery. I got frightened at her gesticulations—I’m rather nervous—and, to get rid of her, was obliged to hint at an appointment. It had the desired effect. But I heard her say, as she descended the stairs,—“Well ! it’s the oddest thing in the world ! wherever I go the men are hurrying to some appointment !”. . . . I watched her down the street—for fifty, she walks pretty briskly—and lost her all at once at the side door of the last house in Whitefriar-gate. It was that of a London adventurer, who has lately arrived at Hull, and announces, he “gives lectures on Political Œconomy, Modern Phrenology, and Animal Magnetism. N. B. A private door for elderly people.”

N.

THE QUAKER'S BURIAL.

“ If mortal charity dare claim
The Almighty's attributed name,
Inscribe above his mouldering clay—
' The Widows' shield, the Orphans' stay.' ”

Sir Walter Scott.

THE QUAKER'S BURIAL.

IT was in the twilight of an autumnal evening, that a stranger, who had just returned from a long sojourn, in a foreign land, found himself traversing one of the most silent and unfrequented streets of Bristol. Buried in the reflections which that sober-thoughted hour is apt to produce—musing on past scenes and early friends, the dead and the distant, the crowds we knew, the one we loved ; he found himself on a sudden making one in a procession, who were, apparently, discharging the last office that man requires of his fellow. Indifferent to the event, the stranger allowed himself to be carried forward with the multitude, and it was not till he had entered a large unadorned building, and was seated on one of the benches which were ranged along the

walls, that he became conscious he was within a Quaker's Meeting, the witness of a Quaker's burial.

To a mind sated with the luxury and pageantry of the East, the scene was new and interesting ; and it might be—the recollection of some hidden gangrene of the soul made the wanderer exclaim in a kind of mental soliloquy, as he gazed on the placid faces of “ The Friends ” around him, “ Oh, had I my life to live over again, what a different creature would I be.”—He closed his reverie.—The Society, two and two, slowly walked up the centre, and seated themselves at the upper part of the building. A plain, unornamented, deal coffin, containing the remains of their late brother, was then solemnly borne up the middle aisle, and placed in full view of the assembly. One of the Society then rose and made a brief request for silence. To the credit of the crowded assemblage, it was instantly and strictly complied with. There could hardly be a scene more touching, than the profound and death-like stillness which now reigned throughout the building, and nothing more subduing than the simple yet imposing spectacle which it presented.

Ranged around the coffin of him, who had been so suddenly called on to exchange the illusions

of earth for the realities of eternity,* were those who had been the partakers of his hopes, his privileges, and his faith;—while behind were seen, in unaffected sadness, those whom his bounty had relieved, his support encouraged, his advice consoled, and his example guided. It was true, the sublime service of our church was wanting—that no notes of the swelling organ came bursting on the ear—and no proclamation was heard of the titles and stiles of those who are then alike insensible to praise and censure:—but there was something inexpressibly affecting in the silence which pervaded the whole assembly; so deep,—so unbroken,—that the ticking of the clock was distinctly audible, and that the ear was startled even by a stifled sob, which here and there burst from those whose feelings were beyond control.

A female Friend shortly rose and addressed the multitude. “She could not but suppose that curiosity had attracted a considerable portion of her auditors. Still even these might learn some useful lessson—might derive some improvement

*The late Mr. R——. Of him it may be truly said, that “he exported his fortune before him to heaven, and we trust he is gone thither to enjoy it.”

from the scene. The most thoughtless might listen to the voice of instruction, the most inconsiderate to the dictates of truth." She then pointed out in energetic, yet unaffected language, the beauty and nobleness of a Christian life, and with a very brief eulogium on the benevolence of the deceased—more indeed with the view of exciting the emulation of the living, than of making an ostentatious display of the virtues of the dead—closed her pithy address.

The most fastidious critic might have dwelt, with admiration, on the graceful, yet quiet, action of the speaker, and have listened, with delight, to the melody of that voice which spoke peace to the soul:—while the earnestness of the Quaker's manner, into which her subject occasionally betrayed her, seemed but to give an unusually animated expression to a countenance, where every thing else was calm and tranquil. She ceased—and the procession moved slowly towards the grave. Yet, even there, while the body of their Brother was lowering into his narrow dwelling, no expression of turbulent sorrow disturbed the solemnity of the scene. Religion had given her tranquillizing hue to all around her. Chastened sadness was the prevailing fea-

ture of the community, as they one by one took the "last long look : " but every kind of human sorrow, every expression of vain and selfish regret, was excluded from those placid countenances, which no anxiety appeared to have power to ruffle, no calamity to be able to disturb.

E. .

THE ART OF SPELLING.

“Famæ damna majora sunt, quam quæ æstimari possint.”

Publius Syrus.

THE ART OF SPELLING.

I HAVE been from my youth that melancholy thing to other people—a professed joker. From the period that, as a boy, I hid the Bible belonging to a Baptist Meeting, which stood in our play-ground,—to the inexpressible consternation of the congregation and the no small confusion of the preacher,—up to my last freak which I am now going to relate, I have literally treated “life as a jest.”—I was on a visit to a friend in the country, a Major Holdsworth, when, to amuse me—I’m an elderly gentleman and have an utter abomination to cards—a whist party was made up, to which were asked the Miss Pennicks :—a trio of the most intolerant, immaculate, vinegar-faced virgins, whom I have ever encountered in my earthly pilgrimage.—It was on my return from

coursing, while this *treat* was in agitation, that I spied an odd-looking, three-cornered note lying unsealed on a work table. With unaccountable curiosity I opened it. It ran thus.

“THE MISS PENNICKS FEEL EXTREAMLY SORRY THEY CANNOT HAVE THE PLEASURE OF WAITTING ON MRS. HOLDSWORTH AS THEY ARE VERRY INDIFERENT.” In a close imitation of their own hand, I added the word “SPELLERS”—refolded the note, and replaced it on the table. “Well, this is the most singular thing that ever happened to me,” said the Major as I entered the dining room. “Read this incomprehensible note. The Miss Pennicks can’t drink tea with my wife because, ‘they are very indifferent Spellers’ !” “And a very sufficient reason,” said I, “for not entering into society.” “Well,” cried Mrs. Holdsworth, “I always thought there was something odd about those Miss Pennicks. I’ve expected some time something strange would happen to them.” Mrs. Holdsworth was one of those long-headed, highly-gifted women who foresee events long before they occur,—and pride themselves on being *surprised at nothing*. Her reputation for foresight was so thoroughly established, that her less fortunate neighbours looked up to her as an oracle. When Napoleon went

to St. Helena, "SHE had always suspected that would be the end of it;" and "the Princess Elizabeth's marriage she had foreseen for years."

By three o'clock, in the following afternoon, there were few houses in Hoddesdon, in which the indefatigable Mrs. Holdsworth had not mentioned—as a profound secret—that "the Major" had received SUCH A NOTE from the Miss Pennicks! "What was it?" cried half a dozen gossips with the most infecting earnestness. "You must really excuse my giving the contents. I never expose my sex. You know I'm not squeamish: but I *really* cannot detail what that note contained."—"How very dreadful!" was repeated in various tones round the room. "Horrid!" resumed Mrs. Holdsworth, with a most diplomatic expression of countenance—"Not that I would injure the Miss Pennicks for the world. Poor things!"—"Ah, poor things!" was re-echoed around. "Who would have suspected it?" "Oh"—cried Mrs. Holdsworth, briskly, for she felt this was an inroad on her reputation—"I'm not the least surprized! I've long foreseen it! Miss Abigail's misfortune has been known to me for months! Not that I would injure her—poor thing!"—"Nor I, poor thing! Nor I!" cried each member of this precious coterie, as

she separated to disseminate this scandalous morceau, in her own peculiar beat, with all her energies.

Well—the story did not lose in the telling. People drew their own conclusions--not, of course, the most favourable to the Miss Pennicks—and the consequence was, that these maiden ladies, who had lived all their days in the most unspotted innocence, found themselves, on a sudden, avoided, pointed at, and rejected by society. Their neighbours drew up when they passed—their former gossips, who would once chat with them by the hour, contented themselves with a “Good Morning! Fine Day!” and, as Miss Charity Pennick observed, the days of Sodom and Gomorrah were come again.

Things grew worse and worse. “Fine Day!” and “Good Morning!” gave place to a bow or smile, *en passant*—their tea-parties were declined—their visits unreturned—and Patience Pennick declared herself “weary of life”—when Abigail, the eldest sister, goaded to desperation by a fresh slight, conjured a *quondam crony* to explain the mystery. She was then given to understand, with much circumlocution, that “She, and her sisters, were suspected of courting an improper intimacy with Major Holdsworth!”

—“On whose authority?” screamed Charity.
“On that of his own wife,” was the reply.

After the hysterics produced by this unexpected communication had subsided, the three injured spinsters had immediate recourse to their professional adviser. They resolved, with his concurrence, instantly to prosecute Mrs. Holdsworth for defamation of character. When “the dread note of preparation” sounded, and Mrs. Holdsworth was informed, that her appearance in open court would be requisite, *she* expressed *her* amazement at “*the world’s wilful misconstruction* ;” and admitted, for the first time in her life, that *this* she had never anticipated :—while Major Holdsworth’s broad unmeaning face assumed a state of utter bewilderment, when he was told, he certainly had received criminal overtures from Miss Abigail Pennick !

To obtain a clear insight into matters, it was determined—that an interview should take place between the belligerent parties, attended by their legal advisers, at which *the note* should be forthcoming. All but the *last word* Miss Abigail admitted she had written—but *that word* she stoutly disclaimed. “Well, Madam,” said the Major’s brazen-faced Solicitor,—“that point is immaterial. The chief object is attained—for

your spotless virgin character is placed beyond suspicion. As a lawyer, I say, take the case into court. As a friend, let it stay where it is. For, whatever might be the opinion of the jury on legal matters, you would certainly stand convicted as a most 'indifferent speller.' ”

E.

THE HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

“ Is it not better to repent and marry, than to marry and repent?”

Congreve.

THE HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance. If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire, and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity that sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away, and be forgotten.

It was one day, when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told, my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand per annum. This information,

given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me, at the time, and, in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on, by my French Governess, at Camden House, after every heinous misdemeanor, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till, at the age of eighteen, I was called on to bid adieu to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing—appeared positively frightful as he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared, that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed was, supporting the dignity of the Vavasour family. That, in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed, whichever party violated these precious conditions, was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter.—When I first heard of this pious arrangement I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbear-

ing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband,—for the husband of an orphan,—of a girl who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world,—who has no father to advise her, no mother to support her :—a professed rake, too—who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate, who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me ; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature. No!—I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians,—revere their office,—and tremble at their authority,—but to make myself wretched merely to please them—No! No! I positively cannot think of it.

Well—time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty one, and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say, whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the engagement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him, and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me. Can I not see him, and judge of his character unsuspected by himself? This is the season when

he pays an annual visit to my God-mother, why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on, and a week saw me at Vale-royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants, to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour I remember my heart beating, audibly, as I descended to the dining-room, where I was to see, for the first time, the future arbiter of my fate—and I never shall forget my surprize, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill-health, was introduced to me for the noisy, dissolute, distracting and distracted Baronet! Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and prudence began to whisper, “You had better return home.” Still I lingered—till, one evening, towards the close of a long tête-à-tête conversation, on my saying that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on five hundred a year, he replied, “One

admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted,” he continued, with increasing emotion,—“with my unhappy situation, but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders, and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement,”——His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me, and heaven only knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out, with a gaiety foreign to my heart—“I can say nothing to you till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour. Nothing—positively nothing.”—“But why? Can seeing her again and again,” he returned, “ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments,—or any estates induce me to place, at the head of my table, a hump-backed bas bleu, in green spectacles?”

“Hump-backed?”—“Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?”—“Intimately. She’s my most particular friend!”—“I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am! I hope you’re not offended?”—“Offended? Oh no—not offended. Hump-backed!

Good heavens!—Not the least offended—Hump-backed, of all things in the world!” and I involuntarily gave a glance at the glass. “I had no conception,” he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, “that there was any acquaintance.”—“The most intimate,” I replied, “and I can assure you that *you* have been represented to her, as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing.”—“The devil!”—“Don’t swear, but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. With her answer you shall have mine.” And, with a ludicrous attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I contrived to make my escape—I heard something very like “Damn Miss Vavasour,” by the way—to my own apartment. We did not meet again; for, the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

A few weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose,—in a darkened room,—I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hah’s innumerable, and with confusion the most

distressing to himself, and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. "No—No," said I, in a voice that made him start, taking off my green spectacles with a profound curtsy, "No! No! it is preposterous to suppose, that Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl." —Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railleries, intermixed with more serious feelings, followed; but the result of it all was—that—that that—we are married.

ELLEN.

ANASTASIA,
THE BENEDICTINE NUN.

“There’s no killing like that which kills the heart.”

Shakespeare.

ANASTASIA, THE BENEDICTINE NUN.

WHOEVER has recently travelled through the West-Riding of Yorkshire, by the main road from Sheffield to Leeds, can hardly have avoided noticing a beautiful edifice which greets him a few miles before his entrance into Wakefield. The venerable pile seated on an eminence—its turrets covered with ivy—the river, which sweeps nobly round it as if proud of the edifice it reflected—unite in forming an object to arrest and charm the eye of the traveller. Nor is the situation of the building its only claim on attention. A melancholy interest attaches to it, from its being the residence of a remnant of Benedictine Nuns, who, flying from France at the period of the Revolution, have here found an asylum, and, in the consolations of religion, a refuge from mis-

fortune. They could hardly have been more fortunate in their choice. The loneliness—the seclusion—the objects that surround the building—invest it with an aspect so inexpressibly calm and tranquil, that it seems to bid defiance to the entrance of any earthly feeling, or unhallowed passion.—Behind it, in silent grandeur, rises the thick noble wood of Kirkthorpe, while through the trees the village church raises its humble head in the distance. It is not the least remarkable feature of this lowly building, that, in its church-yard, the Nuns from Monte Cassino find their last resting place.

Amidst the high grass, which vegetates in dark luxuriance,—distinguished from the more simple memorials of the lowlier inhabitants of the village—rise, in proud pre-eminence, the marble monuments of the little Catholic community. The number is about twenty. The cross carved at the top—their strict uniformity and consanguinity to each other—the rose-mary and sweet-briar which flourish thickly around them—finely contrast the simplicity of surrounding objects, and give a picturesque appearance to the scene.

Among the inscriptions, which vary only in name and date, was that of

“ANASTASIA.

ONE OF THE SOCIETY OF BENEDICTINES.

AGED 21.

A NOVICE 1813.

PROFESSED 1814.

DIED 1815.”

I was gazing on the tomb of one so young, and forming conjectures as to her history and misfortunes, when I perceived a stranger, melancholy and abstracted, viewing with the most intense interest the same objects as myself. I accosted him: and to my numerous queries respecting her who lay mouldering beneath us, he gave me the following particulars. The actors in the scene have long since passed from the stage, and, without hesitation, I give the story to the world. The young will never be persuaded by the aged; nor the foolish by the wise; but the living may learn from the dead, for them they can neither envy nor hate.

It was in the year 18—, when the English army were encamped near Lisbon, that two British Officers paid a visit to the Convent of St. Clara. It enclosed within its walls, at that period, two sisters, beautiful and unfortunate girls, who had taken the vows, which rendered them wretched for life, under circumstances

of the most unprincipled deception. Their story interested the feelings, and their beauty gave rise to deeper impressions in the breasts of two romantic young men: and repeated interviews ended in the young officers offering to carry off to England these victims of deception, and there to make them their own for life. The wretched state of the country—the storm of conventual persecution, of all others the most severe and the most pitiless—induced the Nuns to give their enterprizing admirers a willing assent. Colonel Pierrepont and Sir Harry Trelawney were both men of family and fortune; and Constance and Inez de Castro readily believed them men of honor.—It was speedily arranged that Colonel Pierrepont's brother, who commanded a man of war, then lying under sailing orders in the bay, should receive the fugitives on board, and convey them to England. There, their lovers were to join them, immediately on obtaining leave of absence.

After almost insupportable delays, the signal that the *Andromache* would sail on the morrow, and that their lovers would be under the Western wall at twelve that night, was perceived in the Convent. The hour, so important to some beating hearts, arrived. The bay of

Lisbon lay clear and blue in the summer moonlight;—the man-of-war's boat, with muffled oars, was stationed at a little distance from the shore;—and the grey massy building of the Convent was distinctly visible through the bending foliage of the limes that surrounded it.

The hour had barely struck, when a female form appeared above the Convent wall. "She's mine," cried Pierrepont, as the high-minded Constance, to inspire courage in her sister, and shew her the example, first descended the rope-ladder. Inez attempted to follow her: but, from some accident never explained, the ladder slipped—she faltered—tottered—and, attempting to grasp one of the buttresses of the wall, fell over into the grounds of the Convent. The scream of agony which escaped her, and the frenzied exclamations of Trelawney, alarmed the sisterhood, who rushed in crowds to the spot, and, after a short search, found the insensible Inez. Trelawney was dragged, by main force, from the spot, while Constance was hurried on board the *Andromache*, which conveyed her to England. There, her lover soon after joined her, but as a *lover* only. The sacred name of wife he faithlessly withheld from her; and, to the agony of being betrayed by the man

she loved, were added the most fearful apprehensions for her sister, and the unceasing reproaches of her own heart. Of Inez, or of Trelawney, she could obtain no tidings. Pierrepont was ignorant, or pretended ignorance as to what became of either; and hardly daring to reflect on the fate of her sister, yet hoping it was happier than her own, she continued to live on. The past only furnished her with a subject of regret; the future with a source of gloomy anticipation.

Three years of her life she had thus dragged on, a cold, deserted, joyless being, unloving and unloved, devouring her sorrows in wretched solitude, with every capacity for happiness turned inward on herself, and converted into so many sources of the most exquisite misery—when Pierrepont, coming, unexpectedly, to a title, and feeling some little compunction towards the woman he had so cruelly deceived, determined on offering her all the reparation in his power, and made her his wife.—It was a few weeks after this event that, at the Opera, blazing with jewels, and adorned as a bride, her person—faded indeed from its former loveliness, but still sufficiently beautiful to be the attraction of the evening—was recognised by Sir Harry

Trelawney. An invitation brought him to her box. In a voice hardly articulate from emotion, she asked for her sister. "Can you bear to hear the truth?" said Trelawney, anxiously. "Any thing—every thing"—she exclaimed—"but suspense." He then told her, cautiously, that, disregarding the agony which Inez endured from a limb fractured in two places, the superior, discovering she yet lived, had her instantly conveyed to the Refectory, where the nuns repaired in full assembly:—that thence, without her limb being set, or any relief afforded her, the hapless victim was hurried to the fatal cell, where, between four walls, with her loaf of bread and cruse of water, she underwent the lingering death entailed on broken vows. "My agony," Trelawney added, "at discovering her fate, you may conceive, but I cannot describe. Her affection—her devotion—her reliance on my honour—all, at this moment, rise before me. In the last words she was heard to utter, she forgave her seducer—he never can forgive himself."

Constance uttered no scream—no shriek—not a sound escaped her—but she was never seen to smile again. With her, the season of hope was at an end. After an ineffectual

struggle to stay in a world she could enjoy no longer,—without the ties of children to bind her to society,—without affection to console her,—without friendship to advise her,—she entreated Lord Pierrepont to loosen his hold on his victim, and allow her to return into a Convent. This request her husband—though a libertine in principle, and now without affection for her, yet pleased with the admiration she excited—alternately refused and derided. Perceiving her entreaties were renewed with increasing earnestness, and incensed at Trelawney's communication, in a moment of irritation he penned a challenge to his former companion; “sent it—fought—and fell.”

She was now left alone. There was no being in existence who could control her, and she hastened to mature her plans. On the Continent, she was aware, her life would be endangered; but, hearing that some nuns had formed themselves into a society, in Yorkshire, she requested—and her wealth easily obtained for her—admission. A rigid noviciate, shortened at her own request, being terminated, under the name of Anastasia she took the black veil. Unexampled privations, and the most severe penance, soon triumphed over a con-

stitution impaired by disappointment and corroded by remorse—and, on the second anniversary of her entrance into the Convent, the grave shed over her its tranquillizing mould.

“And Trelawney,” I exclaimed, “what became?”—He—interrupted the stranger, with all the calmness of despair,—“He stands beside you!”

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1900

MRS. REUBEN POTTLE.

“Should a writer single out particular persons, or point his raillery at any order of men who ought to be exempt from it : should he slander the innocent, or satirize the miserable : he might please a portion of his readers ; but he must be a very bad man if he could please himself.”

Addison.

MRS. REUBEN POTTLE.

It was my good or ill fortune—the reader may word it as he pleases—to make the acquaintance, while in Hampshire, of Mrs. Reuben Pottle. She was a singular lady. I fear I shall hardly do her justice; but I will attempt her portrait notwithstanding. A little, thin, diminutive woman—with flaxen hair, dressed *à la Corinne*—blue eyes, that never rested an instant on the same object—a small round straw hat, in imitation of Reuben's wife, and a broad, red morocco girdle, confining a yellow silk gown:—such was Mrs. Pottle, both in appearance and dress, on the morning of our introduction. Her mind was as eccentric as her person. Always *en magnifique*—calling England the Island, and her husband an Emmet. She was the terror of the men and the Vampire of the women.

Having an utter abomination of learned ladies, more particularly of one who was for ever talking about Athens and Sparta, the Capitol and the Parthenon, the reader may imagine my indescribable horror, on finding myself in for a tête-à-tête with this formidable woman. My sense of my situation deprived me, for some moments, of utterance, till, recollecting that the silence must be broken, I began—"What a lovely morning!"—Mrs. Reuben looked at me in silence. "The first day of spring."—Not a word. Her little restless blue eyes twinkled on, as before. "This is really April weather."—Mute as death.—Out of patience with her continuing to play the dumb *belle*, I bowed and took my leave. I was afterwards told, that on that subject, I might have soliloquized for ever; for Mrs. Reuben, by no chance, ever noticed the weather. "Foul or fair, we could neither alter it nor mend it. Why then discuss it? It was a subject fit only to be dwelt on by those who were unequal to talk on any other." So said Mrs. Pottle.

Her husband, Reuben Pottle—or, as he was named, from the peculiar cast of his visage, Rue Pottle, was a slight, tall, conscious-looking man, who appeared completely cowed—a dog, to whom any urchin might say, "Where's your tail?"

Twice, and twice only, did I ever hear his voice in his own house. The first time that I was amazed by its sound, was at one of Mrs. Reuben's musical parties. "My love, Sir Thomas Pickering has arrived at his seat; and I request," said she, in the tone of a seraph, "that the first thing you do in the morning may be to call on him."—"My love, you take very good care," sighed Reuben, "that the first thing I do in a morning is to go to bed." And as the poor hen-pecked creature finished the sentence, he seemed amazed at his own temerity, and hastily scudded across the room. The other instance occurred with the gentlemen after dinner; when, on a furious ultra liberal declaiming against the doctrine of passive obedience, Reuben whimpered, in the tone of a school-boy behind the back of his master, "Ah! that's just the way with my little fool!"

Of her hostility to the doctrine of non-resistance, Mrs. Reuben gave an instance in early life. She lost her mother at sixteen; and her father, a respectable farmer, finding himself unequal to control her vagaries, brought home a second wife, to assist him in the task. To celebrate this event, a large party was invited; and after supper—reader, 'twas in middle life—the song, and the laugh, and the toast went round. Miss Ruth

was called on for hers. "With all my heart," she said. Then rising, and filling a bumper, she gave, with the voice of a stentor, "Confusion to all mothers-in-law."—A very few weeks after this event, she played off a prank, which was attended with all but fatal consequences. It was the period of the murder of the Williamsons and the Marrs. She was walking in Kensington Gardens, and, having taken shelter from a shower, in a shed, she amused herself, by inscribing, in large letters, on the wall, "I'm the unfortunate man who murdered Mr. Marr's family." The horror this sentence excited, in several parties which successively came to the shed, Miss Ruth declared to be the richest treat in nature. But, unfortunately, among them, came a lady and gentleman, the former of whom, from her situation, was ill qualified to contend with fright. She read the scrawl, and fainted. Her husband's fondest hopes were blighted; and she herself nearly lost her life.

But, notwithstanding all this, Mrs. Reuben would have done very well, had she not, unfortunately, become a radical. To this political twist she contrived, that every thing about her should contribute. An immense dog, between a wolf and a setter, was christened "Reform;"—

and I well remember my amazement, when she said to me, one morning, "I'll shew you my darling—my pet—Reform. I believe you never saw him? Quite an idol of mine. Reform! Reform!"—and she whistled like a cox-swain—When in rushed an immense mastiff, carrying all before him. Quite the thing for a lady's pet, to be sure, thought I. What will a woman make an idol of next?

Then she had an album stored with autographs, by no means of the choicest description. I noticed one from Hunt, in Ilchester Gaol, written in a fine large hand, and beginning, "Pen, ink, and paper conspire against me;" and she pointed out, with unction, an illegible scrawl of Thistlewood's, which she said "Alderman —— had most obligingly procured from him on the very morning of his execution."

But every thing in life, like a quadrille, has its finale; and that of my acquaintance with Mrs. Reuben was approaching. At each of the morning calls I had unwillingly made her, I found her engaged on an Italian author; and, invariably, at a page plentifully besprinkled with pencilled notes in the margin. My curiosity was piqued, and I inquired "the name of the favourite?"—

“Ariosto.”—“And the numerous pencil marks are proofs of your diligence?”—“Oh dear, no! those are the improper passages. I had them all marked out for me before I began.”—I laughed immoderately, and she—never spoke to me again.

E.

THE SHORE BOAT.

"The consolations of Religion are boundless as the ocean."

Tillotson.

THE SHORE BOAT.

I HAVE been long accustomed to hope—even when events have appeared to make despondency prudent, and hope presumptuous. There was a time,—when experience had shown the thorough hollowness of its specious promises, and amidst the wreck of fair prospects, and in the anguish of lacerated feelings, I almost resolved to be duped by its delusions no longer.

Absorbed in gloomy reflections, I had, unconsciously, reached the ferry.—Boat, sir! from several voices, broke my reverie. The ferry boat had not arrived, and having little inclination to wait for its lumbering approach, the advantage of rowing me to the opposite shore was eagerly contested by the watermen. As reason could not decide this important matter, its determina-

tion was left to chance, and the fortunate winner of a prospective sixpence bore me off in his wherry.

The impressions of early life are seldom forgotten. In one of my first school-books, I was struck with a description of two opposite characters. One could see nothing in his walks to awaken attention, or to give pleasure, while the other found sources of amusement and instruction at every step. From that time, I determined to imitate the latter; and this determination was confirmed by Sterne's contempt for the man who could "travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, 'Tis all barren." I have, therefore, constantly sought information and amusement from those against whom circumstances have jostled me, and have often found both under the most unpromising exterior. According to custom, I commenced a conversation with the boatman.

"At what hour does the moon rise to-night?"

"'Tis high water, sir, about half past seven,"—and, after a pause—"the moon gets up about the same time. It gives a good light now," continued he, half addressing me, and half soliloquising, "and I like to walk home by it, better than by day, or any other time."

I looked at him more narrowly than before, expecting to find a youth, whom love had given a predilection for the light of Endymion's mistress, and whose absence, some fair Naiad was, at that moment, deploring. One glance at his furrowed and sunburnt face, which was now turned full towards me, destroyed this hypothesis. I became, therefore, more curious to know the cause of this unusual sentimentalism, in a form so uncongenial; and asked him his reason for this preference.

"Because, sir, 'tis the time when I'm apt to forget the troubles of this world, in hope of the next."

"Is your home distant?"

"I live at Crabstone, three miles off, at the bottom of the bay."

"You recollect then the effect of the tremendous storm of January, 1817."

"Oh yes, sir, that's a sort of thing one never forgets. Such havoc among the craft in the bay, and the houses and cellars ashore; and, worse than all, one poor fellow killed by the fall of a house that the tide washed away. 'Twas an awful time:—there was a solid wall six feet thick, and many yards long, heaved out of its place, upon the beach, as easy as I can turn the paddle."

I was infected by the waterman's mournful soliloquy.—“ And is this,” said I, mentally, “ the same element, whose polished surface is now so calm and unruffled? Are the waves which now roll to the shore in such tranquillity, the terrific agents of this mighty destruction? You scarcely expect to witness another storm so violent?” said I, resuming the conversation.

“ ’Tisn’t likely, sir, in these parts; but the same hand that sent that may, for our wickedness, send another. Ah, sir! the sea is a dreadful and a deceitful master, to say the best of it. I have got my bread upon it all my life-time, and three times narrowly escaped drowning. Once, and more to my shame I speak it, I was drunk when I fell overboard. What, if I had gone to another world in that condition! but a ship-mate caught me by the hair of the head and saved me. The second time, when quite sober, I was knocked overboard by the jibing of the sail; ’tis a long, long time ago, but the frightful feelings of the time make me shiver whenever I call them to mind. I have been in action, and have heard the terrible thunder claps in the West Indies; but they were nothing to the stunning sounds of the water in my ears.—But I was spared, and left to grieve for the loss of two fine boys, in the same devouring deep.

“Your sons, I suppose?”

“Yes; the eldest was one-and-twenty, he was lost at sea. The youngest was drowned in the harbour here, before he was sixteen. That very time, I was employed in assisting the ferry boat, which had upset in the gale, little thinking that my own poor child was then drowning so near me.”

“Was the storm particularly violent?”

“The squall was so heavy for the time, sir, that I daredn’t keep the head of my boat to the wind, for fear she should be taken on the broad-side and upset. Bad news flies apace: I soon heard that my boy was drowned;—’twas a sad stroke, for he was a good son, and had never left me and his mother for fifteen years from the day he was breeched, till within seven months before I went aboard the ship;—officers and men knew how much I had lost, for the dear lad had behaved so well that they all liked him. The lieutenant’s wife cried like a baby—and ’twas some comfort to me to hear that he never swore an oath all the time he had been aboard. My eldest was rather wild, and I sometimes have heavy thoughts about him, but the Lord can work his own will, and that gives me hope.”

“Have you no other children?”

“ Yes, sir, thank God, I have ; but ’tis a melancholy thought, when the young ones, that we reckoned would be our succour and support, are taken away before us old weather-beaten hulks. But there ’tis as God pleases ; we have all our troubles, more or less, and ’tis a short voyage to eternity, where I hope to meet my children again.”

I felt reproved by the patient resignation of this son of toil and sorrow, and welcomed hope once more to my bosom. The boat had reached its destination. I landed, and trebled the waterman’s fare, in token of my sympathy in his griefs, and of the beneficial influence of his simple narrative upon my own feelings.

R.

THE END.

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